

# LIFE





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## The Literary Zoo

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, who might be entitled "the all-around philosopher and catch-as-catch-can pragmatist," has been indorsing another book. This is usually a reprehensible practice indulged in by great men in moments of weakness. We happen to know something, however, about the book which Professor James commends, having an acquaintance of years' standing with the author of it; and we believe in this instance Professor James rendered a distinct service when he put the stamp of his authoritative approval upon the book in question. "A Mind That Found Itself," by Clifford Whittingham Beers (Longmans), is the autobiography of a man who, losing his mind, again found it in spite of the unscientific and, at times, cruel treatment he received while an inmate of sundry private and public hospitals for the insane. This fact alone would entitle him to a permanent job in any collection of freaks if it had not recently happened that freaks had been barred out of all circuses. There was nothing for Mr. Beers to do, therefore, but write a book. In his work the author shows conclusively that, as a result of crude methods of treatment and inadequate equipment (sometimes the mental equipment of those in authority), certain so-called violent wards in our hospitals for the insane are little better than hell-holes. Such wards are, in fact, the "rotten apples" which give the institutions in question an appearance of rottenness throughout; but Mr. Beers makes it plain that the "good wards" in asylums are, indeed, very good; in fact, better than the public knows. "A Mind That Found Itself" reads like a combination of George Ade's "Fables" and Dante's "Inferno," with the balance in favor of the "Inferno." It is in reality, however, a great tragedy with a happy ending. It concludes with a feasible remedy for existing shortcomings and abuses. This "remedy," outlined in the book, will be applied under the auspices of a "National Committee for Mental Hygiene," which will soon be brought to a working perfection. Mr. Beers has already secured the support of a number of eminent men.

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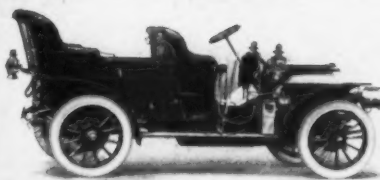
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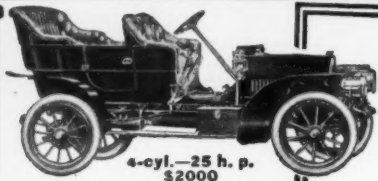


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# LIFE



## THE ECLIPSE

A HUSBAND OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

### The Continuous Inquisition

OVER in John Rockefeller's Halls of Agony they—the vivisectors—are enjoying themselves. It was Col. Ingersoll who said:

Vivisection is the inquisition, the hell of science. All the cruelty which the human—or rather the inhuman—heart is capable

of inflicting is in this one word. Below this there is no depth. The word lies like a coiled serpent at the bottom of the abyss.

And he hit the nail on the head. The benefits are apocryphal, the agonies real.

WITH a lawyer, getting possession of his client's money is nine points of the law.

THE early bird secures the worm, 'tissaid; Which shows that prudent worms stay late abed.

“WHAT do you do in case of fire?”  
“Call up the village fire department and notify them the house has burned down. They do so enjoy playing on ruins.”



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI APRIL 23, 1908 No. 1330

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



HERE in the East we have not had as yet any very severe experiences of the prevailing fight over the sale and use of stimulating beverages, but where the fight is really on, it is the hottest thing in sight, and the most interesting. It rages all through the South, and is very prevalent in the West. Illinois voted on local option on April 7, and closed 1,500 saloons; not so many as was expected, but a good many. Report describes the ante-election fight as violent and bitter beyond all precedent.

Do the majority of the people of the United States believe that it is a sin to drink intoxicants? Many of them certainly think so. Many more think that it is inexpedient. But in spite of the great political strength of the present prohibition movement, it seems warrantable to believe that the prevailing opinion still is that however risky drinking may be, and whatever crimes, wastes or miseries may be attributable to excesses in it, to drink intoxicants is not necessarily wrong. We have been drinking in the United States in the course of a year 1,500,000,000 gallons of malt liquors, 43,000,000 gallons of wine and 121,000,000 gallons of spirits. If all that consumption has been intrinsically sinful, we are a pretty wicked people, though not so wicked, man for man, measured in drink as some of our European neighbors. That we drink a good deal more than is good for us hardly any one will dispute, and very few persons will deny that it is a proper exercise of powers of local government to cut down the amount of our drinking if possible, and to provide that what intoxicants are consumed shall do the least harm possible.

In order to do that successfully, we ought to know as nearly as we can what sort of thing it is that we are dealing with.

It seems not unduly rash, in the face of many diverse opinions, to say that we know two things about alcohol. One is that some people get on perfectly well without it. The other is that some people are able to combine its use with great mental and physical efficiency, health, long life and admirable character. Lincoln is an excellent example of a man who never drank; Washington an equally encouraging example of a man who did drink. Not only some people, but most people, get on perfectly well without alcohol, and it seems likely—though that is not so certain—that most people can attain their highest efficiency without it, provided they are properly fed and housed and live in a climate that suits them. Still another thing we know, that for some people alcoholic beverages are so unsafe as to be practically poisonous, and that a great many people have so little skill or sense or judgment in drinking that it is far safer and better for them to let all intoxicants alone.

A vast deal depends on what people drink, and how and when they drink it. The workers against alcohol have spent strength and pains to have it stigmatized by competent examiners as a poison. The result of their efforts in this line seems not very important. It is certainly not a poison in the degree that arsenic, strychnine and cocaine are poisons, but it is poisonous enough, and has long been admitted to be, to have its sale regulated by law.



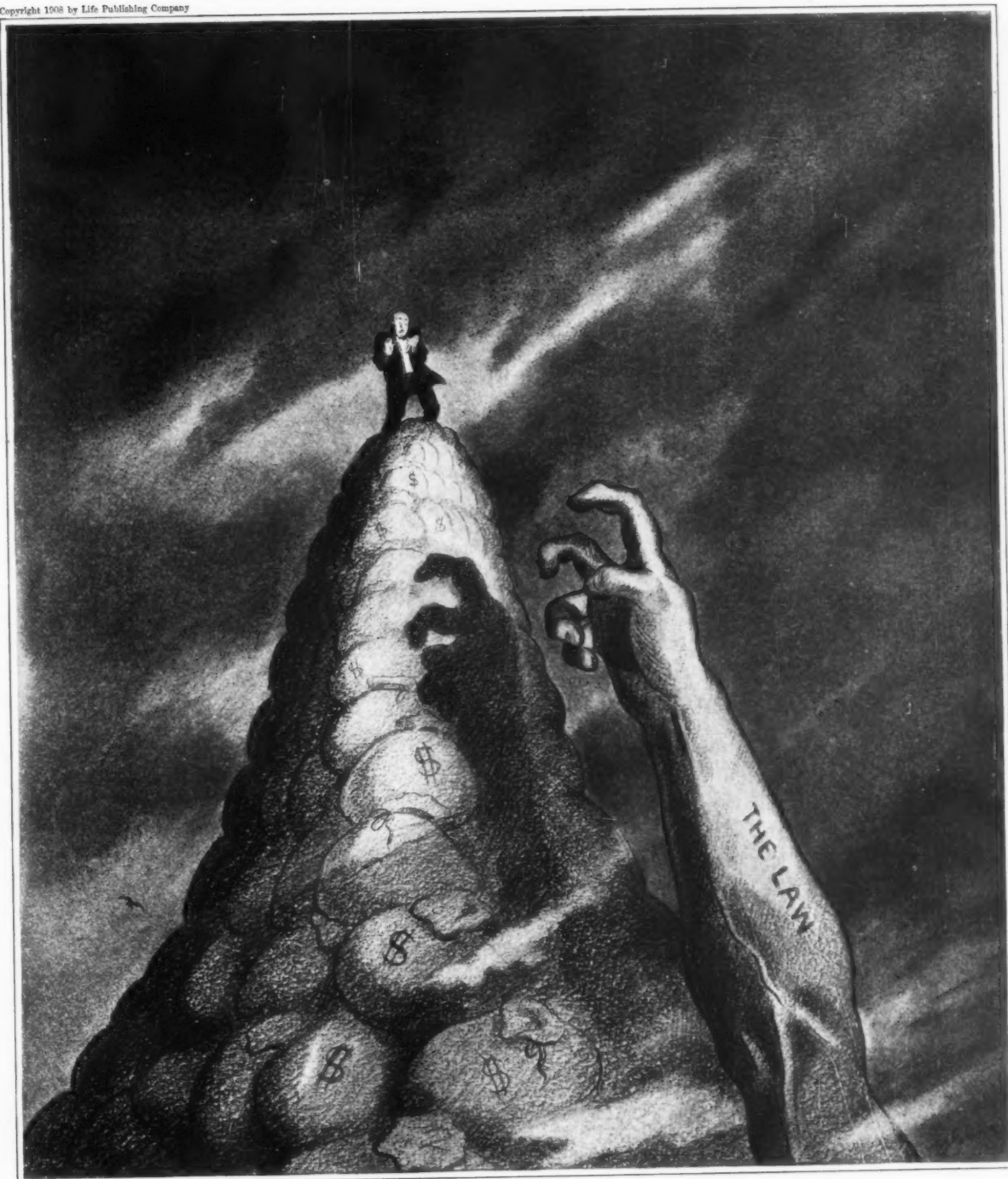
WE MUST discriminate between the various alcoholic beverages. The great wine-drinking countries used to be sober. Drunkenness, or excess, used to be rare in them. In France, Italy and Spain wine was a universal beverage and the harm from its use was never serious enough to warrant any considerable movement for the suppression of wine-drinking. Of late years drunkenness and excessive drinking have so much increased in certain districts of France as to be a matter of the gravest consequence and to stir up the government, as well as private societies, to work for its abatement.

What has been the trouble? A change in the habits of the drinkers; a great increase in the consumption of absinthe (one of the most poisonous and mischievous of alcoholic compounds) and of other alcoholic appetizers and liqueurs; a great increase in the consumption of brandy and other spirits, and a partial substitution of wines artificially fortified with spirits for wines made by natural processes. The government undertook to encourage the raising of beets and the making of beet sugar. The surplus sugar was turned into alcohol, which was used to make comparatively harmless wines stronger, and to destroy the market for the cheap and fairly wholesome wines which the working people of France used to drink with comparative impunity. What has made the trouble in France has been the substitution of dangerous alcoholic beverages for comparatively harmless ones. For there is a difference in alcoholic beverages; a difference between those that have 4 or 5 per cent. of alcohol in them and those that have 40 or 50 per cent., and a difference also that depends upon the processes of making, and that distinguishes good beer from bad, and the whisky that is merely dangerous because it is whisky from the bad whisky that is outrageous.



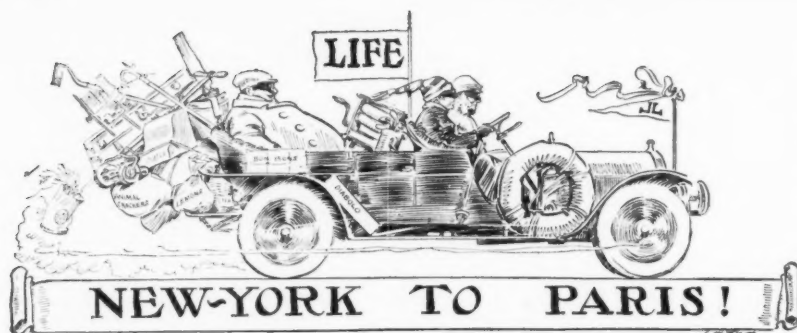
WHAT should be the aim of temperance movements—of such a great and world-wide movement as is going on to-day? To stop the manufacture and consumption of alcohol in all its forms? We think not. If it were possible to exterminate alcohol, there is fair reason to doubt if the world would be the better for it. The proper aim is by regulation and teaching to cure or minimize the evil that alcohol does. The prohibition movement may be a useful process in the advancement of civilization and may be desirable for a time in localities the population of which is so backward as to need special protection, but it is too extreme to be a permanent condition. Nothing is going to take the place of knowledge and individual discretion in the use of drinks. The coming man may be a teetotaler, but he will be so from choice and not from compulsion, nor because the W. C. T. U. is displeased with his habits.

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GETTING NEARER





### Metcalf, Taft and Anthony Comstock Still Rushing Westward

*Onward the gas brigade!  
"Charge with the smell," they said,  
While nobody blundered.  
Snowdrifts to right of them,  
Wolves to the rear of them,  
Fairbanks ahead of them—  
Onward they thundered!*

AT LAST report the wonderful LIFE auto, the Zip, containing the two world-famous Yale men, Taft and Metcalf, assisted by one Anthony—variously known as "Dub" and "Cleopatra"



"Discovered"

Comstock—was just coming in sight of Fairbanks.

It was bitterly cold!

A pack of wolves that had been following the car ran into the Fairbanks zone before they could stop themselves. A few escaped, but most of them froze to death before they could retreat.

Fairbanks, as here and there some one may remember, is the icy Vice-Presidential belt that surrounds the Rooseveltian aurora borealis.

He slowed down as the Zip came up.

"Discovered!" he muttered, as he alighted from his machine and gave his pursuers a fond, Frozen-North smile. "Whither away, friends?"

It was only necessary to point to the wonderful Zip, with its famous Yale flag and its world-wide legend: "On to Maxim's!"

"And you?" asked Taft of the extinguished human icicle.

"Oh, I'm bound to the North Pole, by way of Nome. You know the old song, when you are a Vice-President and haven't any country and are traveling northward: 'Be it ever so humble, there is no place like Nome.'"

"And why are you going North?" asked Metcalf.

"To see if I can get a little magnetism. You have heard of the magnetic North, haven't you?"

Both Yale men looked at each other knowingly.

"Hope springs eternal," sang Cleopatra Comstock, who had been slyly listening, "in the human icicle."

"Shut up, Dub," said Taft, kicking him gently but firmly, "and place those whiskers of yours underneath the machine and see if your fine, artistic eye can get a finer adjustment on that carbureter. This is no time for you to loaf. Get busy!"

In a few moments more they had sprung into their seats and the great car was off with a rush, Fairbanks far in the rear.

It was a beautiful day in Nevada. As they whirled by, lovely gold mines could be seen blossoming on every side.



"Bribed!"

Crowds of advertising men—who were working the mines—gathered by the side of the road and cheered them.

At Goldfield they were presented with the freedom of every saloon.

The only village maiden presented them with a huge bouquet of mining stocks—fresh from the printing press.

One of these had on the certificate a picture of Venus rising from the sea—being an allegorical representation of J. P. Morgan ascending from Wall Street with his panic halo.

The great car cylindered on.

Suddenly at Beatty, near the border line, Metcalf looked around.

Dub was not there!



"ON TO MAXIM'S!" A SLIGHT DELAY NEAR GOLDFIELD

"What, HO!" exclaimed Taft. "Our handy-man-about-the-car has escaped. I'll bet he's now on his way back to Summit, N. J. He must be getting tired."

As for Metcalfe, only his undaunted spirit sustained him in the face of this disaster.

"This is terrible!" he cried. "If Comstock gets back home and is allowed to resume operations, the whole country will blame me. And you!" he exclaimed to Taft. "What chance will you have now for the Presidency?"

Taft smiled.

"You forget," he said, "that no matter what happens, Teddy never goes back on his friends. But let us hurry."

The Zip—for the first time—was turned back and they shot toward Goldfield.

In the meantime a wire was sent on to this office:

Comstock at large. Escaped from car today.

To which we replied:

Have Governor of Nevada order out militia. If he refuses call up Washington. In meantime, will watch all avenues.

The news of Comstock's escape spread rapidly all over the country. The stock market was the first to feel it, dropping off several points. It was regarded as a

national calamity. The *London Times*, in commenting, said:

It is just about the same as if we, having once and for all gotten rid of Alfred Austin, should suddenly learn that he had come back.

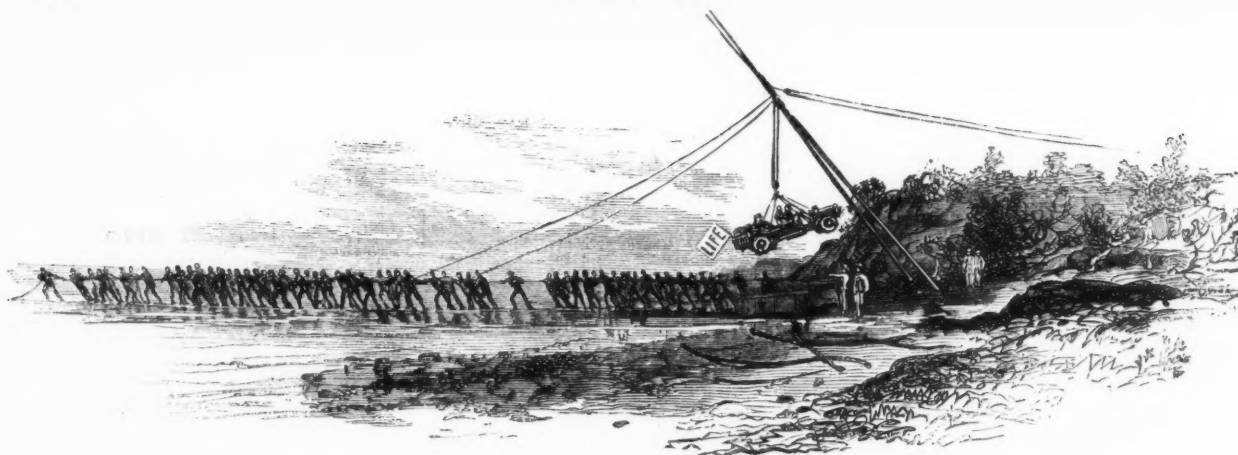
Women all along the line of retreat were filled with terror, no one of them daring to leave the house after dark.

Bulletins were printed in all the leading towns of the West:

**ESCAPED REFORMER!**

Answers to name of Dub or Cleopatra Comstock. New Jersey whiskers. Usually found about art stores.

Capture dead or alive. Every patriot interested in permanent welfare of his country should be interested.



AN INCIDENT AT SALT LAKE

The Zip sped backward. Goldfield was reached at 2 P. M.

Meanwhile, the authorities were active. Scouting parties were sent out.

Suddenly there came news.

A sheriff's posse had discovered a dark, sinister form.

Dub!

In a few moments he was speedily dragged out by his whiskers and brought to where the noble Zip stood resting on the famous Chauncey Depew tires—nothing left of them but wind, but still perfect.

Metcalf gazed at him sternly.

"Dub," he exclaimed, "what means this?"

"Bribed by the Theatrical Trust," muttered Dub, now thoroughly frightened. "They told me that if I would escape they would have me dramatized"—

"And you yielded! Think of Maxim's."

"But," whimpered Dub, "it's such a long time to wait."



AFTER HIM

Taft grabbed him by the sideboards. "Come!" he exclaimed, "get in now. We must be off. We'll have to be a little more gentle with him," he whispered to Metcalfe, as the Zip, amid the cheers of the populace, glided out of Goldfield. "We won't kick him in the face any more."

It was nearly nine o'clock on the evening of that eventful day when they left Goldfield for the second time, and once more plunged toward the setting sun, or where it had set.

Back of them was the effete East—composed of nature fakery, hairdressers, politicians, discredited magnates and Presidential impossibilities.

South of them was the wool belt—all cotton and a yard wide, and filled to overflowing with first families and the negro question.

North of them was British Columbia, the place where the boundaries come from.

Ahead of them was the Pacific Ocean, full of rumors of war, naval medical science and international politics.

As they passed north of the Grand Canyon, several Rocky Mountain goats tried to butt in, but in vain.

The Golden Gate lay dead ahead. And then—Alaska!

Occasionally they met with slight accidents, where streams were forded or a precipice had to be jumped.

Once the steering gear slipped, but it happened in Indian Territory, and was speedily repaired with the aid of an Indian file.

At Gonzales they stopped for general repairs.

In the meantime the Theatrical Trust had not been idle.

Klaw and Erlanger were just waking up to the value of Dub Comstock.

Never having had occasion to study art before—their business not lying in this direction—they did not know anything about him.

But their new play, "The Rogers Brothers in an Art Store," needed another character, and Comstock was just the one.

They were instrumental in effecting his escape, and when they found that he had been recaptured, their rage knew no bounds.

Honk! Honk!

Taft and Metcalfe, resting from their long journey, suddenly looked up.

Yes, there in the distance, on the road from Goldfield, was the well-known auto of the Theatrical Trust—three gold balls for a radiator—bearing down upon them.

Both Yale men sprang to their feet.

Taft's eyes gleamed.

"Never!" he exclaimed, "while old Eli lives, Theodore Roosevelt still guides me, and honor lies in the hearts of brave men, shall Dub Comstock be captured!"

Thus, with firm front, they waited the onslaught.

(To be continued)



# LIFE's Marriage Contest

HERE is the first installment of answers to LIFE's Marriage Contest (which will be found elsewhere in this issue):

## Women

No. 1

As absence doth the heart *incline*  
More fondly to the loved, you *know*,  
The man who's "seldom home" for *mine*  
I'll choose at once, for weal or *woe*.

No. 1

'Tis surely fate that has blindly *led*  
Poor me to weal or *woe*;  
For I've lost my wits, so needs must *wed*  
The witty man, you *know*.

No. 1

The present situation needs a "lively wit"  
to *wed*.  
"Amusing Talking" in these times ap-  
peals to *me*.  
If you will "boldly speculate" you'll not be  
homeward *led*,  
For I'd like to see one boldly "spec" as  
things now *be*.

No. 2

"Good disposition," though to work you  
seem not to *incline*,  
I've thought the matter over and your  
failing's same as *mine*.  
And since they say I've been a flirt the  
"three" don't bother *me*,  
So shall we wed and show them what a  
married life should *be*?

No. 2

I note there are many to whom you *incline*,  
And, therefore, to you I am *led*.  
You'll not dare to frown on flirtations of  
*mine*,  
And I'll do as I please when we're *wed*.

No. 3

Oh, sir, your millions seem to *be*  
Untainted, as you've *led*  
An upright life, and so with *me*  
I'd like to have you *wed*.

No. 3

Your "soul of honor" doesn't worry *me*;  
Your good health is what constitutes my  
*woe*.  
If once I got your millions—your "soul"  
is all there'd *be*—  
You would be *quite* "retired," don't you  
*know*?

## Men

No. 2

What though to matinees she *incline*,  
And lean her dowry *be*,  
Once I am hers, and she is *mine*.  
Just leave the rest to *me*.

No. 3

Your disposition I well *know*,  
Would let me happy *be*,  
And with your coin to tackle *woe*,  
You're just the stuff for *me*.

No. 3

Twelve thousand reasons mine to *wed*,  
Dear widow, you. While you should *be*,  
By your economizing, *led*  
To choose a man as cheap as *me*.

No. 3

A widow who could gentle *be*,  
If asked again to *wed*,  
Is certainly the one for *me*,  
Unless I be mis-*led*.

No. 3

Economy is strange to *me*,  
But still to you I do *incline*.  
Gentle and loving though you *be*, [mine.  
"Twelve thousand" is what makes you

No. 4

Because in bed you breakfast, I *incline*,  
Theatric, nervous dear to wish you *mine*.  
A sweet half hour of bliss each day I'd  
*know*—  
A breakfast minus woman's tongue-dealt  
*woe*.



MEAST.  
SPRING CLEANING

No. 4

To wed a nervous maid who an actress fain  
would *be*,  
My natural inclination never would *in-*  
*cline*.  
But in this age, a maid who *anything* fain  
would *be*  
Is so refreshing, let me quickly make her  
*mine*.

No. 4

If you will promise me to *wed*,  
And not by baldheads to be *led*,  
An actress you can surely *be*,  
For you certainly do look good to *me*.

No. 3

Widow No. 3. Put the lady down for *me*,  
"\$12,000 per" would vanish every *woe*.  
I'll trouble not my head what sort of life she  
*led*;  
She's got the goods—that's all I want to  
*know*.

No. 5

Careless maid, though to thy face, not  
fortune, I *incline*,  
"Two thousand per" shall be no bar to  
*me*.  
As to thy love of fiction, when safely thou  
art *mine*—  
My conversation will pure fiction *be*.

## It Disturbs the Market

MR. ROBERT HUNTER says:  
You can't repress two hundred thou-  
sand starving men. These men are now  
breaking into shops so they will be ar-  
rested and sent to the Island, where they  
will get enough to eat. Bombs are being  
thrown, not only at the police, but elsewhere.  
Men are shooting themselves and their  
wives and children because they are hungry.  
As long as we have the problem of the  
unemployed in the shape it now is we will  
have violence and crime.

Which is truth. But the prosperous  
New Yorker does not want the truth. He  
calls it an attempt to "create class feel-  
ing." Don't tell him anything unpleas-  
ant, Mr. Hunter. It takes his mind from  
business.

BESSIE: What kind of powder does  
your sister use on her face?  
BOBBY: From the explosions I heard  
in the parlor last night, it must be gun-  
powder.

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THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED



THE UNEMPLOYED—THE ROLL-CALL



## Sentimentalist?



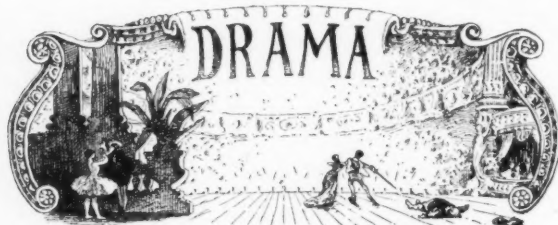
YES. We plead guilty.

We confess to a sneaking respect for gratitude, patriotism, filial affection and other weaknesses—all pure sentiment.

It is merely sentiment that prompts a man to stand by his mother when she gets old and useless. As a matter of business there is little profit in feeding her when she is no longer of use.

Yes, LIFE fears he is a "sentimentalist." He confesses that he is unlike the "investigator" who enjoys the quivering nerves of the securely gagged and fastened dog.

And if sentiment is so poor a guide in this matter, why not vivisect humans? It is merely a matter of sentiment. We are willing to admit, with proper shame, that a "sickly sentiment" renders it impossible for us to cut up a dog alive that a lecture might be more interesting to a gang of medical students. Perhaps the effective work of the Spanish Inquisition was owing to its not being hampered by sentiment.



## An Artistic Achievement Worth While



SEVERAL times of late years it has been announced that we were to have the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes presented to us in dramatic or operatic form. But authors have shrunk from the task because when they approached it they found that "Don Quixote" was not a dramatic story but a tremendous study of a people, an epoch and the world's dying faith in the chivalry of knighthood. The leading characters—Quixote and Sancho—were a luring bait for the author and the actor, but there was nothing back of them except episodes and pictures—no story.

That is why Mr. Paul Kester's "dramatization of Cervantes's novel," as he calls it, is a failure as a play. The book is not a novel in the present acceptance of the word, and it can no more be dramatized than could an encyclopedia or the reports of the Supreme Court of the United States. But Mr. Kester has worked conscientiously and the result proves the thing here stated and which perhaps both he and Mr. Sothorn knew in advance. The temptation to the actor was a great one, though easily to be understood, and in yielding to it Mr. Sothorn has shown the extravagance in time, money and effort that it is human to display when we yield to the temptations that allure us.

Mr. Kester was wise enough not to attempt to invent a story where none existed. That would have been clearly to cheapen the

background to be provided for Mr. Sothorn's effort. And both author and actor were wise enough to recognize the pictorial richness at their command and, through it, offset, as far as they could, the dramatic poverty of their theme. In this they had a predecessor who had delved deeply and to whom they are indebted for the charm of the setting in scene, costume and properties—Gustave Doré—in every stage picture in the dramatic version of "Don Quixote," not only in general effect, but in most of the details. Mr. Sothorn has been lavish in expenditure, and with the artistic spirit of Doré to guide him, has realized admirably one of the two things that could be translated from the book to the stage.

\* \* \*

NOW we come to the other important possible thing—the depiction of character. Cervantes pictured in moving panorama the humbler people of the Spain of his time. They were drawn as they came and went in the adventures of his two heroes. They were simply bits of human scenery used to form a background. So in the very large number of persons in the cast of the play they are not characters in the usual sense of the word, but external pictures with no distinctive mental features. They are living lay figures and as such call for no comment, except the statement that they were full of color and movement and came and went in proper order and with due precision and held their poses at the proper moments.

Mr. Buckstone's *Sancho Panza* was a conscientious study of a character that is more funny in literature than in real life. The famous speeches and reflections that Cervantes put in *Sancho's* mouth read better than they sound. When spoken they are only a faithful reproduction of rustic gruffness and bellowing. Mr. Buckstone was a good *Sancho* and the better he was the easier it was to wish him back in the pages of the book.

Mr. Sothorn's *Don Quixote* was so exquisitely faithful to the original as to inspire sorrow rather than mirth. We have all laughed at the delusions of the Knight of la Mancha as we have pictured them in our minds. So, too, most of us have laughed at the delusion of the insane man who fancied he was a poached egg and was continually looking for a piece of toast to sit on. But if we encountered this man in real life and found that to him his fancy was reality and his search for the toast a serious affliction, we might be moved to sorrow and sympathy more than to laughter.

So, although Cervantes himself apparently meant in the de-



## HIGH LIFE

"MOTHER, MAY I GO OUT TO FLY?"

"YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER.

DON'T GO MORE THAN TWO MILES HIGH  
AND DON'T GO OVER THE WATER."

In Their Earlier Years



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE IN THE LATE SIXTIES

lusions of *Don Quixote* to ridicule the extravagances of chivalry, Mr. Sothern brings to our reasons the insanity of the character in flesh and blood reality. The author's satire escapes us, but we have the faithful picture of the gentleman, noble in his mistaken purposes and most pathetic because he is a gentleman even in his insanity. The character doubtless could be broadened and burlesqued so that it would be laughable, but at this period of his artistic career it seems as though it would be impossible for Mr. Sothern to do this. The chivalry he personifies so admirably is so fine and so foreign to our own matter-of-factness that by itself it puts the character on a high plane and commands our respect. His insanity is so honest and the mental suffering at fancied injustices so genuine that we do not laugh although we know its unreality—we are sorry with him and for him. Even his lean face and gaunt figure do not make us smile, but rouse our sympathy. We do not share the merriment of the boors who jest with him, but their lack of understanding rouses our indignation.

In the face of so fine an artistic accomplishment as Mr. Sothern's *Don Quixote* it may seem trivial to hark back to minor faults, but it is only to state that they are noticeable by their absence. Sensitive ears have long been offended by and have long resented his peculiarities of cadence and accent. But of late he has appeared to conquer them more and more. In his *Don Quixote* the minor note either blends so well into the character or has been so completely



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MR. CHARLES FROHMAN, IN LONDON, 1880

effaced that it is not disagreeably, if at all, noticeable.

Mr. Kester's dramatic version of "*Don Quixote*" is perhaps as good a one as could be made by adhering to the book, but it will probably never be popular as a play. And there is no denying that, as its hero, Mr. Sothern has touched the highest point artistically that he has reached in his career.

\* \* \*



GREAT thoughts and great ambitions are sometimes found lurking in the most unexpected places. Mr. Hammerstein is said to cherish in his heart an ideal of grand opera conducted on a high plane at low prices for the masses. Just how this is to be accomplished with the fees of operatic stars climbing almost as fast as the cost of living under our protective tariff, it is difficult to understand, although the secret may have a solution so far concealed under the remarkable hat of the Thirty-fourth Street impresario. Certainly it won't be achieved at the Manhattan Opera House if that institution continues to grow in fashionable esteem as it has in the past two seasons.

Any one, however, who saw the great Italian constituency which went enthusiastic over the not-at-all-bad performances of an unheralded Italian company at the Academy of Music last week might well have been convinced that there is room for

another opera house in New York which will cater to our great foreign-born population. Their appreciation of the Verdi and Gounod operas was intense. The great majority of the audiences were Italians, of a sort who are never seen in the high-priced seats at the regular houses and who probably are not regular patrons of the top galleries at those institutions. There was also a fair sprinkling of others who liked opera for its own sake and who would patronize it more frequently if they could enjoy it in comfortable seats and locations at reasonable expenditure.

The opera-going population is growing greater by habit, by immigration and by the increasing resources of our foreign-born population. Perhaps it is not only an eccentric dream of Mr. Hammerstein's that it will soon be possible to establish in New York a great popular opera house with opera creditably presented at prices within the reach of the musical masses.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Fritzi Scheff in Herbert and Blossom's very musical and clever comic opera, "Mlle. Modiste."

Astor—"Paid in Full." Thoroughly American contemporary drama. Interesting, well written and well staged.

Belasco—"The Warrens of Virginia," by Mr. De Mille. Charming love story of war times at the close of the Rebellion. Excellently presented in every way.

Bijou—"The Wolf," by Mr. Walter, the author of "Paid in Full." Notice later.

Casino—"Nearly a Hero," with Mr. Sam Bernard as the comedian. Diverting musical piece, of the usual Casino type.

Daly's—"Girls." Laughable adaptation from the German, dealing with the predicaments of young women leading a bachelor life.

Empire—"Father and the Boys," with Mr. William H. Crane as the star. American farcical comedy by Mr. George Ade. Amusing and well done.

Garden—"The Luck of MacGregor." Notice later.

Hackett—Mr. Augustus Thomas's telepathic play, "The Witching Hour." Well acted by good company headed by Mr. John Mason and Mr. Russ Whytal.

Herald Square—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Laughable and musical play with large and capable company headed by Mr. Lew Fields.

Hippodrome—Startling new circus features added to the military spectacle, "The Battle of Port Arthur," and the gorgeous ballet, "The Four Seasons."

Hudson—"The Honor of the Family." Very light comedy of the Napoleonic era with Mr. Otis Skinner as the star. Amusing.

Lincoln Square—"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Madison Square Garden—The original Buffalo Bill Wild West Show.

Stuyvesant—Concluding performances of Mr. David Warfield in "The Music Master" and "A Grand Army Man." Both artistic in acting and presentation.

Weber's Music Hall—Mr. Weber and his company in burlesque of "The Merry Widow."

West End—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.



**THE TENANTS, AN EPISODE OF THE EIGHTIES**, by Mary S. Watts, one of the new books of the new season, is, in a modest way, one of the noteworthy novels of the day. Just in what proportion memory and imagination have shared in the providing of its characters and its happenings is immaterial. The resultant blend of literary poise and reminiscent spontaneity remains. Here the social consciousness of the eighteen-eighties in the middle west has recorded itself with a recollection so clear and a self-estimate so just as to practically endow a period with a personality. It is a long time since so perfect a cube has been added to fiction's mosaic portrait of America and Americans.

John Duncan Quackenbos, A.M., M.D., ex-professor of English in Columbia University, member of the Society for Psychical Research, medical practitioner in hypnotism, brilliant theorist and, according to the more conservative of his enemies, inveterate visionary, is the author of a volume upon *Hypnotic Therapeutics*. This book, which apart from its introductory discussions of hypnotism deals largely with the amenability to treatment of specific moral and mental failings, is presumably addressed to a popular audience. But it is so interwoven with catch-as-catch-can hypotheses and religious and literary special-pleadings that it affords dangerous footing to any but the expert.

The enquiring but uninstructed reader will find H. Addington Bruce's *The Riddle of Personality* at once more intelligible and more safely balanced—head up, face forward, but feet to the ground. This work makes no claims of original or technical contribution to psychic knowledge. It sums up clearly, openmindedly and sanely, the work of the psychopathologists and of the psychical researchers and, tentatively, correlates their respective observations and conclusions. It should tend to spread a conservative but serious interest in a field of inquiry which much charlatanism has rendered suspect.

Mr. E. F. Benson's earlier novels of English society, which carried themselves with a certain winning and informal assurance through familiar scenes, won many good friends by being, in a literary sense, such nice fellows. His subsequent excursions into Egyptology, the occult and the bizarre, suggested that he was supplementing a flagging fictional impulse by the stimulus of the sensational. In his most recent story, *Sheaves*, the "problem" of the love of a talented young singer of twenty four for a brilliant but middle aged woman savors of his later themes. But the characters of the story and many of its scenes, including the laughingly satirical picture of Canon Alington's household, are in the original Bensonian manner.

Eugene S. Politovsky was a constructing engineer of the Russian navy. He was assigned to Admiral Rojdestvensky's



"THANK FORTUNE! I HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO TAKE HIS NUMBER"

fleet as engineer-in-chief and accompanied it to the far east, where he went down with the flag-ship in the battle of the Sea of Japan. His letters, written to his wife during the voyage, appear in a volume entitled *From Libau to Tsushima* and form a narrative of singular historical and psychological interest. No staff officer's diary having survived the destruction of the Spanish Armada, it is safe to say that these letters constitute the most naively graphic record extant of organized incompetence.

Frederick A. Ober's *A Guide to the West Indies* is a very complete and much needed compilation. Discovered by Columbus in 1492, these islands have been recently rediscovered by Americans; but the consequent travel has been haphazard and needed information hard to get at. Mr. Ober's text is interesting, his tabulated information convenient and, unless his chapters on the north shore of Cuba and on the Bahamas are exceptional, his data accurate.

Edward Penfield's *Holland Sketches* is one of the "combination orders" of assorted arts which, like a "club breakfast" are convenient, popular and dear at the price. It is a tasty volume in black and orange, decorated internally in delft blue, and contains, besides many reproductions in color from the author's sketches, four chapters from his pen—a small chop under a large silver cover.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Tenants, an Episode of the Eighties*, by Mary S. Watts. (The McClure Company. \$1.50.)

*Hypnotic Therapeutics*, by John Duncan Quackenbos. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.)

*The Riddle of Personality*, by H. Addington Bruce. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)

*Sheaves*, by E. F. Benson. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

*From Libau to Tsushima*, by Eugene S. Politovsky. (E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.)

*A Guide to the West Indies*, by Frederick A. Ober. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.25.)

*Holland Sketches*, by Edward Penfield. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.)





THE HEADLESS VICTORY



# LIFE AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## A RELIEF TO BOTH

"At last," he sighed, "we're alone. I've been hoping for this chance."

"So have I," said she, very frankly.

"Ah! you have guessed, then, that I wanted to tell you that I love you."

"Yes; and I want to say 'No' and get it over with."—*London Opinion.*

"I don't understand it," complained the tramp.

"What don't you understand?" asked the philanthropist.

"Well, yer see it's dis way, boss. I ast a guy fer a dime ter git a bed, an' he says, 'G'wan, yer grafter—didn't I give youse a dime las' night?'"

"Well?"

"Well, what I want ter know is dis: Don't dat guy tink a feller has ter sleep more'n onct in his life?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

## TELEGRAPH TO THEODORE

If the ship of state needs caulking  
Or the lion's tail a twist;  
If the Senators are balking;  
If a silver spoon is missed;  
If there's a plague in Honolulu;  
If there's trouble in the cup—  
Why, just write to Mr. Roosevelt,  
And he'll fix the matter up.

If there's a lynching bee in Texas;  
If the green bug's in the wheat;  
If there's anything to vex us;  
If you're troubled with cold feet;  
If your dinner isn't ready;  
Or you're feeling rather dry,  
Send a telegram to Teddy,  
And you'll get a hot reply.

If there's too much rain in Kansas  
Or it's dry in Tennessee;  
If a summer cyclone fans us  
Or if Bowser has a flea;  
If your sweetheart proves too fickle;  
If you want to know the score;  
If you get a punctured nickel—  
Drop a line to Theodore.

If they need another member  
Of the Ananias Club;  
If you're sunstruck in December  
Or you're suffering for grub;  
If the railway rates soar higher  
Or the Beef Trust gets too gay,  
Ring up Roosevelt on the wire  
And there'll be the deuce to pay.

If the stork don't visit Alice;  
If we lose to the Maroons;  
If Ben Tillman's full of malice  
Or Maria full of prunes;  
If the troops shoot up a city  
Or you cannot pay your rent,  
Take a lesson from this ditty—  
Write to Roosevelt, President.

If there's scandal in Peoria  
Or the city's filled with graft;  
Or if Storer tells his story  
Or they're knocking on Bill Taft;  
If a panic hits the nation  
Or they loose the dogs of war;  
Or if Uncle Sam needs a vacation—  
Let him trust in Theodore.

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A NORTHERNER riding through the West Virginian mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

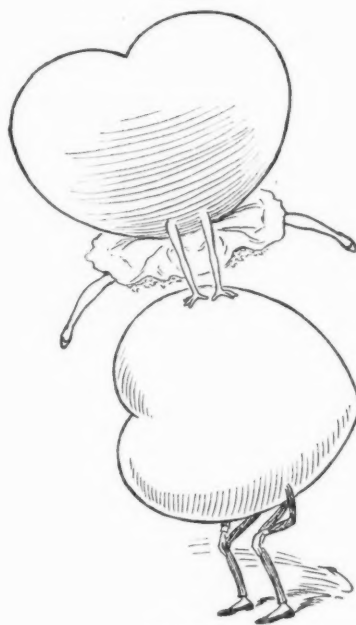
"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten 'em on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yaas, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But, h—, what's time to a hawg?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*



LEAP YEAR

## THE PROPER NUMBER

The summer resident looked curiously at Perry Jones, the sexton of the Lanebury meeting-house, as she finished her survey of the little church. "You say it seats three hundred and six people," she said, raising her lorgnette to gaze at him. "What a curious number!"

"I don't know why 'tis," replied Mr. Jones. Resentment at her tone was coupled with irritation at her calm survey of him through her impertinent eye-glass, as he stared back at her. "Strikes me it's a very sensible number. Three hundred in the body of the church, four in the choir, one on the organ-bench and a camp-stool for Hollis Prouty, that blows for Miss Cummings to play. Perhaps down your way you'd think he ought to stand all the time, being only a boy, but folks see things different in the country."—*Youth's Companion.*

TO ESCAPE criticism: Do nothing, say nothing, be nothing.—*Philistine.*

## A LA MODE

Did you ever notice that the only trouble about good stories is that you don't think of them when they're most apropos? There's a reason, for which Mr. William James, the psychologist, has duly accounted, and which his brother, Henry James, the novelist, has duly exemplified.

But who can tell why it is that the very best stories are not only not recallable, but are actually not in existence at the time they ought to be. This one, for instance, should have been told ten years ago, when women rode bicycles, but, as a matter of fact, it was only fabricated in 1908, and its author is Herbert L. Bridgeman, of the Peary Arctic Club.

Mr. Bridgeman says that in those prehistoric times when maiden ladies wore bloomers and rode "bikes," one such so riding and decidedly so costumed was scudding along a country road near Wareham, Mass., for which town, indeed, she was seeking, when she drew up before an astonished farmer.

"My man," said she, "is this the way to Wareham?"

The farmer looked her over very carefully. Then he removed a straw from his mouth and answered:

"I dunno 'miss. But you kin see fer yerself thet's the way I wear 'em."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

## WORTH A TRIAL

Cyrus Townsend Brady, the author and clergyman, told at a dinner in Toledo a story about charity.

"A millionaire," said Dr. Brady, "lay dying. He had lived a life of which, as he now looked back on it, he felt none too proud. To the minister at his bedside he muttered weakly:

"If I leave a hundred thousand dollars or so to the church will my salvation be assured?"

"The minister answered cautiously:

"I wouldn't like to be positive, but it's well worth trying."—*Washington Star.*

## BY WAY OF ENCOURAGEMENT

"The manager always keeps back a portion of the villain's salary."

"Why does he do that—afraid he'd skip?"

"No; but he always acts his part better when he's mad."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

## A KEEN OBSERVER

"Who was that fool you bowed to?"

"My husband."

"Oh, I—er—I—humbly apologize. I"—

"Never mind. I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are!"—*London Scraps.*

"It's just an ordinary bolt, you see," said the man. "You ought to be able to duplicate it for twenty-five cents or so."

"Oh, I guess so," replied the machinist.

"It's for Mr. Richley's motor car, you know," continued the man.

"Oh, er—that bolt will cost you two dollars and fifty cents."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"I ADMIT that I love you, Clarence," said the young heiress, "but I'll have to speak to mamma."

"Eh?" said Clarence. "You mean I'll have to speak to her."

"No, I will. She'll be home from Europe to-morrow, where she's been for the last three months, and she may have engaged me to some nobleman while she was there."—*Independent.*

## WATCH THE PROFESSOR

Lecture upon the rhinoceros:

PROFESSOR: I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me.—*The Christian Instructor.*

"ONCE a relative of mine went to this man to get some fish, and found that they were selling very high. She complained, and the man said:

"Fish is dear, ma'am; oh, yes, very dear. You see, it's getting so scarce on account of these here aquariums."—*The News-Book.*

"JIMMIE," said the merchant, solemnly, at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office boy, in his excitement, responded with "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we aint a couple of blunder-headed idiots!"—*Tit-Bits.*

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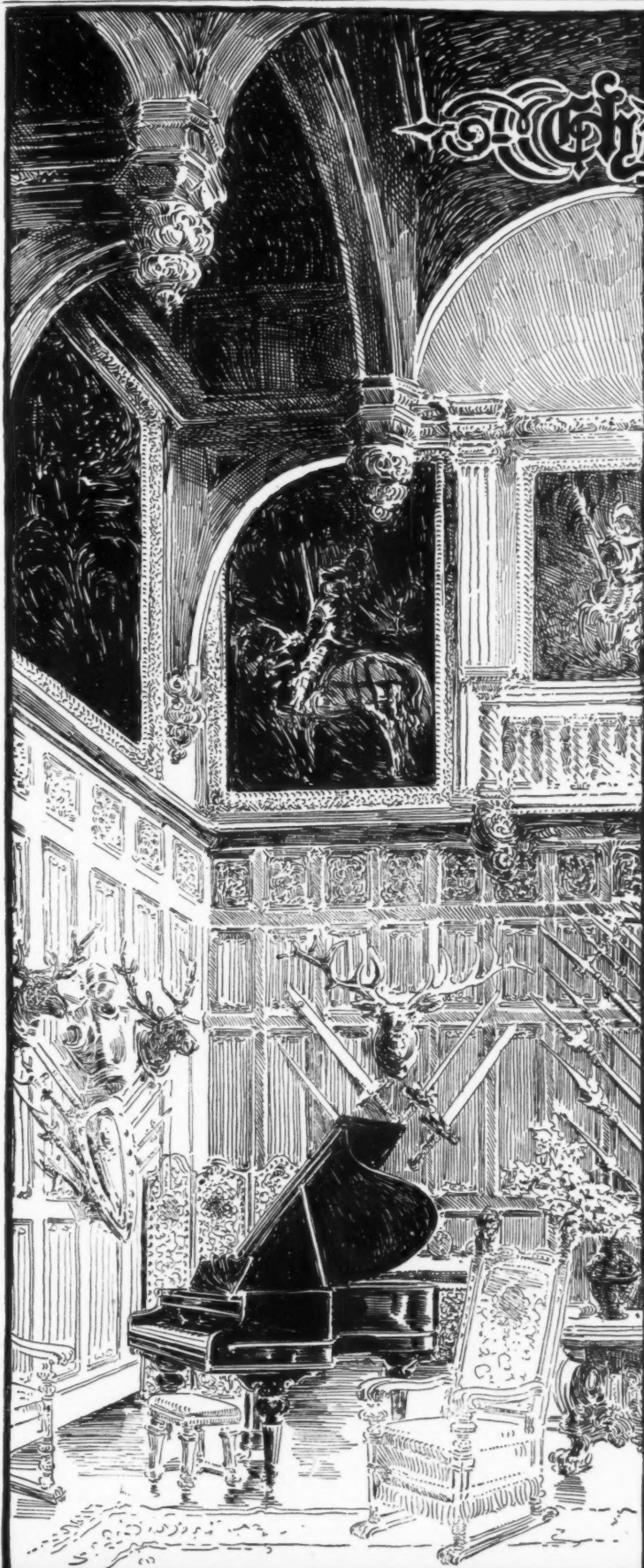
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### SPIRITUELLE

(The woman's mind is more capable of penetrating the eternal mysteries than the baser and more material male mind.—*Father Naish, at the Manchester University.*)

My brains are naught but common clay,  
And Psyche's are ethereal,  
But lo, a sale is on to-day,  
And Psyche, I am grieved to say,  
Is getting more material.  
My wit is dull, her repartee  
Is ever bright and glistery,  
And yet, the more of her I see,  
Dear Psyche's mind becomes to me  
A more eternal mystery.

—London Chronicle.

### TOO MUCH COMPATIBILITY

Compatibility is evidently, according to the *Washington Star*, as dangerous as the incompatibility of temperament plea on which so many divorces are granted. The story is told of a girl who, after listening to a young man's proposal, answered:

"No, James, I cannot marry you."

James looked frightened, hurt, displeased.

"Why not?" he asked.

"There is too much compatibility of temperament about us, James," said the girl, her lip curling with faint scorn.

"Too much compatibility? But isn't that a good thing?" asked the puzzled young man.

"Not always," she answered. "For instance, judging from the size of your income, if we were married I should undoubtedly insist, from motives of economy, on dispensing with a servant and doing my own housework, and in your compatibility, James, you would undoubtedly let me do it."

### KNOW THE SIZE

"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant clerk.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet.*

### ARTIFICE

"Here, you," said the conductor, angrily, "you rang up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."

The small man standing jammed in the middle of the car promptly rung up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.

"Thanks," said the little man. "I didn't see any other way to get out. Here's your dime."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AFTER a careful study and impartial consideration of all the evidence bearing on the subject, the investigating committee reports that, notwithstanding their long life and apparent respectability, the following are undoubtedly nature fakes:

The bull in the china shop.

The wolf at the door.

The fly in the ointment.

The bee in the bonnet.

The flea in the ear.

The rat that was smelled.

The chorus girl's lobster.

Pigs in clover.

Horse and horse.

Time flies.

The Welsh rabbit.

The man on a lark.—*The News Book.*

### ANANIAS'S CALLING

THE DENTIST: Now, open wide your mouth and I won't hurt you a bit.

THE PATIENT (after the extraction): Doctor, I know what Ananias did for a living now.—*Home Herald, Chicago.*

"What's in here?" asked the tourist.

"Remains to be seen," responded the guide, as he led the way into the morgue.—*Jester.*

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Bismarck

**H**OW many living men can squarely stand up and honestly compare themselves as the equal or superior (in any way whatsoever) to the great Iron Chancellor of the Hohenzollern's, who made Goethe's dream of Germanic unity a realistic drama of "iron and of blood?"

How many dare declare, "I have greater brain power than he"—"I have a stronger body"—"I am healthier"—"I have a saner knowledge"—"I am more successful" or "I have more force of character?"

Bismarck, during his marvelous career, outwitted the most celebrated statesmen of his time; terrified the mightiest kings and emperors; overthrew and conquered three armed nations, and ruled over the empire he created with enlightened and practical wisdom for nearly half a century, dying at the ripe old age of 89, famous throughout the world as the "Greatest of the Germans."

Now, upon what nutriment was this colossus fed that he grew so mighty; what put the iron into his blood? This we know—that like all Germans he believed in good eating and drinking, hence the juices of malt and hops were never absent from his table.

Authority—any biography of Bismarck.  
 "A pot of good double beer, neighbor, drink and fear not."—Henry VI.—Act 2.

# Budweiser

**I**S a beer of redoubtable name and fame.

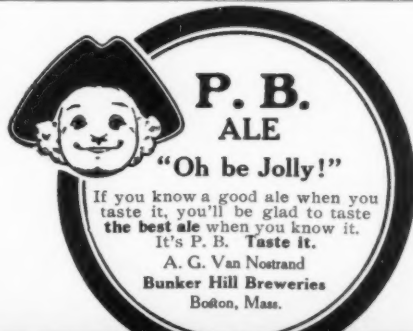
Health, strength and vigor glows and sparkles in every glass. Fifty years ago we began to brew it. For fifty years the most fastidious have pronounced it without an equal in any land. It is known from ocean to ocean, from the gulf to the lakes, and wherever Americans go for business or health or pleasure—*Budweiser is there.*

## THE KING OF ALL BOTTLED BEERS



Budweiser is Sold in all First-Class Clubs, Hotels and Cafes

Bottled only at the  
**ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY**  
St. Louis, Mo.



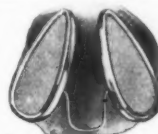
**P. B.  
ALE**

"Oh be Jolly!"

If you know a good ale when you taste it, you'll be glad to taste the best ale when you know it.

It's P. B. Taste it.

A. G. Van Nostrand  
Bunker Hill Breweries  
Boston, Mass.



**Don't  
Breathe  
Dust**

If you use an auto, live in a dusty climate or work in a dusty place, wear a **COMFORT NASALFILTER**, which filters the air through fine linen and prevents dust and other irritating substances from being inhaled. It is practically invisible, perfectly comfortable, light weight and sanitary. Try one for a week. If you keep it, send us \$2.50—otherwise a one cent stamp will cover cost of return.

**Universal Supply Co.**



## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

HAS OBTAINED PREMIER HONORS  
AND MEDALS FOR BEING THE  
BEST BLENDED WHISKEY IN THIS  
COUNTRY; ITS GUARANTEE UN-  
DER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD  
LAW AS AN

**Absolutely Pure  
Rye Whiskey**

IS CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE OF ITS  
SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.



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W. M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



You are offering  
the best when you  
serve Jameson's

Sole Agents  
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.  
New York

### The Cry of the Dying Vivisector

COVER their eyes—cover their eyes—  
I have steeled my heart to their piercing cries,  
To the sobbing breath and the panting sighs,  
Of the tortured *Thing* as it slowly dies—  
But their eyes—their eyes—oh, cover their eyes!

They are bright and starting, and big with fears,  
Or mournful and pleading and dim with tears—  
"What have I done?" they seem to say;  
"Why do you punish me day by day?"

Can you not hide them? I'm weary and worn,  
And from morn till night, and from night till morn,  
They pray to me—plead to me—under God's sun,  
Was ever such cowardly cruelty done  
As this—to these creatures helpless and dumb?

Out of the shadows they wax and they wane,  
The eyes that have looked into mine in vain—  
Cover them! cover them! God give me life—  
Peace will I bring—end this cruelty rife . . .  
Lift my hand for a shield to their sorrows—I vow . . . !  
But Death's hand touched his heart and Death's voice  
whispered—*Now!* —Abolitionist.

### Record-Breaking Parting

ONE of those imported, elongated demonstrations  
of affection known as soul kisses cheered some  
and saddened others at the departure of the French  
steamer *La Touraine* yesterday.

A quartermaster and a sailor had cast off the  
lashings of the gangway at the deck when a taxicab  
dropped out a dream of beauty with a pink com-  
plexion and lustrous eyes. "A hothouse peach!"  
some one exclaimed as she ran for the gangway,  
hopped upon it and shouted "Alphonse."

Alphonse didn't see her. Repeated calls brought  
him, likewise a fullblown carnation of tailoring and  
good looks, to the front. Alphonse heard nothing,  
saw nothing but the vision on the plank. He hurdled  
the quartermaster and the sailor and rushed down,  
meeting the "peach" half way.

He yelled "Marie." Grabbing her gracefully,  
she yielding with dramatic fervor, they started in on  
the demonstration. It was something after the old  
sort, a big noise and no substance, a duck waddling  
in mud, a wave slapping a ship's bilges. It was one  
of those concentrated, intense, emotional contacts  
of soul with soul that require long wind and great  
endurance.

The situation was so romantic, human and appeal-  
ing that Paul Faguet, agent of the French Line,  
could not bear to terminate the delightful agony.  
There are those who can't appreciate a good thing  
unless they've got it themselves, and these began to  
shout: "Break away" and "Take your corners."

Mr. Faguet pulled his watch and with increasing  
nervousness watched the split-second hand go  
'round. The minute hand would have been suffi-  
ciently accurate. Alphonse and Marie had only  
begun.

The pier superintendent, who has no foolishness,  
was the first to wake up. He rang the bell on the  
selfish affinities who were holding back a ship that  
ought to be on her way with the mails.

The donkey engineer gave the lever a vicious  
shove and the outward end of the gangplank went  
up in the air. The kisser and the kissee—the terms  
are reversible—took a fresh foothold and a fresh  
grip.

"Break, back up, beat it!" yelled the superinten-  
dent, jumping up the plank and tearing the soul-  
mates apart. Alphonse leaped aboard and Marie  
hopped back. Both looked satisfied.

Time (official): three minutes, one second.—*New  
York World.*

## ABBOTT'S BITTERS

ITS  
QUALITY  
UNEQUALED  
EXCELLENCE  
UNSURPASSED



ITS  
QUALITY  
UNEQUALED  
EXCELLENCE  
UNSURPASSED


## LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona,  
Spain, was for centuries distilled by the  
Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), at the  
Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France,  
and known throughout the world as Char-  
treuse. The above cut represents the bottle  
and label employed in the putting up of the  
article since the Monks' expulsion from France,  
and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Char-  
treux (the Monks, however, still retain the right  
to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled  
by the same order of Monks, who have securely  
guarded the secret of its manufacture for  
hundreds of years, taking it with them at the  
time they left the Monastery of La Grande  
Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess  
a knowledge of the elements of this delicious  
nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of  
the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux)  
and made since their expulsion from France is  
genuine except that made by them at Tarrag-  
ona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.  
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
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**The Best Bitter Liqueur**



### Underberg

The World's Best  
Bitters

Creates a healthy  
appetite and in-  
sures good diges-  
tion. A delightful  
tonic.

Sold everywhere.

LUYTIES BROTHERS  
U. S. Agents, New York

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion.  
A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit  
and soda beverages. A few dashes give  
exquisite flavor and taste to and in-  
crease the tonic effect of Grape Fruit.





1  
Very high church. Rich, apoplectic uncle. Kind heart but irritable when crossed. Devotee of bridge.



2  
Generally amiable, but has occasional fits of temper. Extravagant. Fond of matinées. No dowry. Rapid talker.



3  
Widow. No encumbrances. Gentle, loving disposition. \$12,000 a year income. Economical.



4  
Very fond of society. Breakfast invariably in bed. No dowry. Nervous. Wants to be an actress.



5  
\$2,000 a year, unencumbered. Fond of light fiction. Very disorderly. Always late but has a warm heart.

IF YOU HAD TO MARRY ONE OF THESE WOMEN, WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

### Life's Marriage Contest. Two Hundred Dollars to Contestants

THIS is a double contest, with two sets of prizes, one for men and the other for women. After selecting your life partner, fill in the following lines, with the reasons for your choice, and return, with your name and address plainly written, to the Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first St., New York:

.....be  
.....incline  
.....me  
.....mine  
.....know  
.....wed  
.....woe  
.....led

In each case the answer to be in a four-line verse which ends in any four of the eight words given above.

For example, if you are a man and you select the lady marked No. 1, your answer might be as follows:

No. 1

"Kind heart" is good enough for *me*,  
You are the one I'll *wed*.  
Bridge player you can always *be*  
By "Uncle's" purse strings *led*.

Or, if you are a woman, your answer may be:

No. 3

Dear Millionaire, your health I *know*  
May be, indeed, a cause for *woe*.  
In spite of this, still I *incline*  
Quite sordidly to make thee *mine*.

For the cleverest three rhymes in the opinion of the editors, LIFE will pay, in order of merit, \$50, \$30 and \$20 to each set of contestants.

The contest will close on May 18, 1908, at noon.

IF YOU HAD TO MARRY ONE OF THESE MEN, WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?



1  
Lively wit. Amusing talker. Seldom at home. Coffee merchant. Bold speculator.



2  
Good disposition. Not fond of work. Was once engaged to three girls at same time. Income uncertain.



3  
Fairly good health. Retired from business. Domestic. Unsympathetic, but soul of honor Millionaire.



4  
Poetical temperament. Fond of ladies. At times affectionate. Salary of \$1,200 in an insurance company.



5  
Never long in same business. Sporting tastes. Fond of travel. Rather jolly. Income irregular.

This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for LIFE in order to be entitled to compete for the prizes offered.



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\$2750.00

## OLDSMOBILE

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If you are sufficiently exacting your choice will be an Oldsmobile.

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